story and art by:
Snailords

Nightmare Factory

ep: 13

Kill it

KREYUL, NO OFFENSE, BUT YOU SUCK AT PHYSICAL COMBAT.
PLEASE GET BEHIND ME.
YES, MA'AM.

WHEN DID YOU EVEN GRAB AN IRON BAR?

EMAI, WAIT! THAT'S—

KREYUL!

DASH
IT'S OK. THIS IS BITEY,

MY BEST FRIEND'S PUPPY.

HM, ARE YOU CERTAIN HE'S THE REAL THING?

NOT A GAME GENERATED CHARACTER?

GIVE ME SOME CREDITS, EMAI.

IT'S LIKE ASKING IF YOU CAN DISCERN VIDEO GAME GRAPHICS FROM REALITY.

THIS IS BITEY, IN THE FLESH.

*SIAL: DAMN IN ANOTHER LANGUAGE

SLAY THE CANINE.

YEP. NOTHING GOOD.
KREYUL, YOU NEED NOT COMPLY—
HOW CAN I KILL A DOG WITHOUT YOU STANDING HERE, DREAM WEAVER?
KREYUL

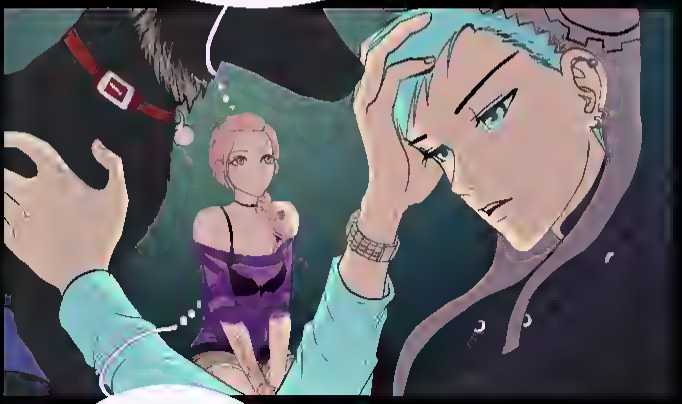
GOT COLD CHILLS FROM PHIRRE'S DEMAND.

...I DON'T UNDERSTAND? OH, YOU'RE IMPLYING I'M A DOG. HAHAH.

CUTE. YOU NOW HAVE 5 MINS TO SLAUGHTER YOUR BEST FRIEND'S HOUND.

SASS METER RISING,

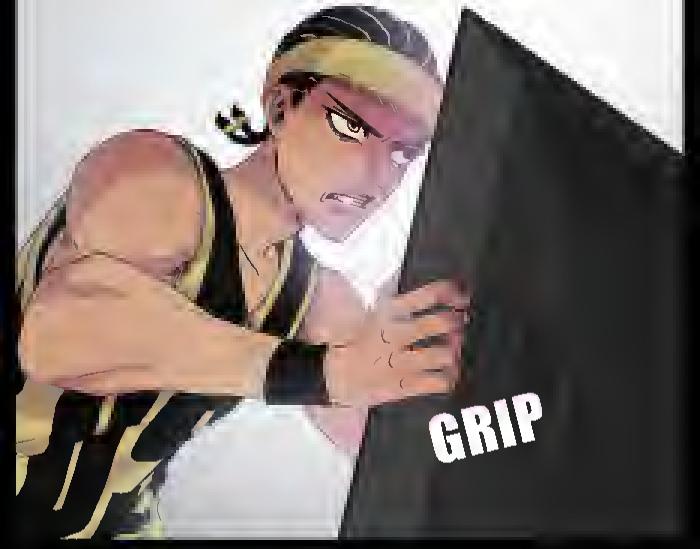
THERMORECEPTORS* GOING HAYWIRE,

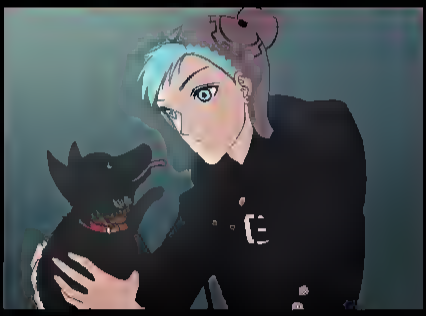


KREYUL KEEPS A CALM EXTERIOR BUT

THERMORECEPTORS: TEMPERATURE SENSORY

RECEPTORS.
EXTERIOR BUT HE'S DEFINITELY GROWING AGITATED.
...I SHOULD STOP NARRATING IN MY HEAD.
AH, YOUR FRIEND, JON, JENNIFER, JESSICA, WHATEVER HIS NAME IS,
HE'S WATCHING. YOU MAY EXCHANGE WORDS.





SEPPI, CAN YOUR DOG DIE?

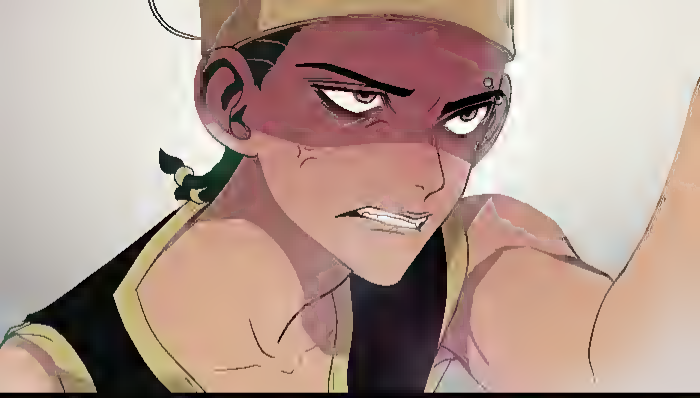
DOG DIE?

...WHA—

KREYUL

ARROYAL.
YEAH, SCALLYWAG, OF COURSE BITEY CAN FRIGGIN' DIE,
AS CAN YOU IF YOU DARE HARM HIM!

YOU BETTER NOT F*CK WITH HIM OR I SWEAR I'M GONNA— I'M GONNA—
SLIDE
I'M GONNA CRY...
THEN I'LL F*CK YOUR SH*T UP, HOMEBOY.



THEN I'LL CRY SOME MORE—

...ARE YOU DONE ?
...YEAH.

I MEANT "DIE" AS IN IF I WERE TO GO BANG
DOES BITEY KNOW TO ROLL OVER AND PLAY DEAD?
WOW. SEPPI'S MOOD SWINGS FASTER THAN A GIRL ON PERIOD...
CHEW CHEW
APPEASE YOUR MAMMARY GLANDS, SEPPI.
SORRY. YEAH. UM. RIGHT. YOU'RE A VEGAN.
YOU EVEN STARE AT THE GROUND WHEN YOU

STEPPING ON ANTS.

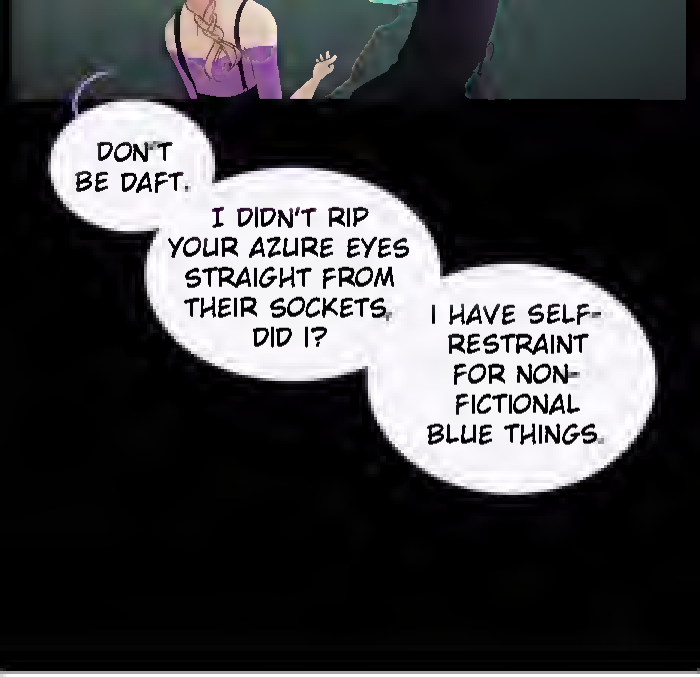
YOU PROBABLY WON'T HURT MY PUP.

NO. BITEY IS A PUP. HE BARELY KNOWS HIS NAME, MUCHLESS TRICKS.

Kreyul's Fear: Killing anything.

ALRIGHT, LET ME THINK...

BITEY, REMOVE TEETH FROM FLESH, PLEASE.
KREYUL, MAY I HOLD HIM?
WHY, EMAI? SO YOU CAN BUTCHER HIM IN HOT BLOOD?
ONE OF HIS EYES IS BLUE AFTER ALL...
GLARE


DON'T BE DAFT.
I DIDN'T RIP YOUR AZURE EYES STRAIGHT FROM THEIR SOCKETS, DID I?
I HAVE SELF-RESTRAINT FOR NON-FICTIONAL BLUE THINGS.

Doft: silly, foolish.
Comply: obey, follow (o commond)
Vegon: Does not eot meot/ use onimol products of ony kind.
Hoywire: out of control
Conine: dog, hound.
Sloy: Kill, sloughter, butcher
Mommory Glonds: Glonds responsible for milk production in femoles. Present, but underdeveloped in moles.
Appeose: Colm (down), pocify, plocote

Appeose your mommory glonds:
(Kreyul's personol woy of soying) Colm your tits.

Instagram:
NightmareFactoryWebtoon

DeviantArt:
Snailords

Like, subscribe and share Nightmare Factory

To sustain my ~~drugs~~ baba tea habits.

Dear readers,
Due to my hand injuries,
Nightmare Factory is in need of
a colorist for 2 months.

Job description:
Color 10 panels a week

Payment:
To be discussed

If you're interested, submit 5 samples
of your art works (or a link to your
website) to this email:

NightmareFactoryWebtoon@gmail.com